MATRIMONY.

MARRIAGE IN AMERICA HAS HIGHER BASIS THAN IN EUROPE.

Our Young Folks the Freest and Happiest of the World's Youth—Wedlock in Germany — English Working People—Sordid Matches.

[Robert Laird Collier.]

However much is believed and published damaging to our reputation for social decency and high morality, I have a most fixed and unchanging conviction that we are the cleanest, sweetest, and holiest people socially on the face of the earth. It would be no more than the truth to say that this social purity is one of the results of our social customs. Our young people are the freest and happiest of the world's youth. Our boys and girls are thrown together more in school, in society, and in public places than the youth of any other country, and the matter of sex is less considered in their amusements and recreations. Growing out of the free life of our young people is the immensely important fact that marriage in America, especially among the middle classes, has a holier basis and motive than is certainly the case in any country of Europe.

The lowest classes of German, marry very generally and with but little regard to the advantages and outcome of wedlock, but simply because it is the custom and because it is convenient and desirable to have their own homes. The French are a thrifty people, and thrift is an element entering into all they do. They seldom leap into matrimony. Indeed, among all classes—even to some extent among the peasantry—marriage is a matter of arrangement. The parents for the most part making the matches.

Society in England is one of castes and classes. What applies to one caste or class does not apply to the other castes or classes. For instance, the lower and artisan classes are the most improvident of all working people of which I know anything. When in England no aspect of its social life is so ever-present to me as the unthriftiness of the working people. They marry and are given in marriage as though it were only a matter of a day's lark. They have children born to them without the least regard to number or provision for them. They stick religiously to the creed that God makes the children, and that he will not send a mouth without food to fill it. The poorest couples seem to take pride in multiplying their offspring and in replenishing the earth. The average family of a workingman, I should say, would be about eight children. I speak from observation and not as giving statistics. These children are usually as well taken care of as the means of the parents will justify. They begin to work in their tender years and become bread winners and are out in the world on their own account, while yet the children of all American working people are in school. The great body of this class of English children are very independent, and early form their own associations and rush into matrimonial engagements and alliances with but little concern as to the future or the fitness of things.

The middle classes of England do not quite go to the opposite extreme, but considerations enter into the matter of marriage that we in this country would, at least affect to, deem most unworthy and mischievous. Whatever else we may consider in forming matrimonial relations we always put forth but one supreme motive. We hold it to be the only true and enduring law of marriage that no other element should largely enter into the motive on either side. If we think otherwise than this we never give articulation to our thought.

But this does not hold true in England. Love may be taken for granted. Perhaps it usually is. But it is not a matter that is discussed either between the contracting parties themselves or their frinds. Much is said, and openly said, about the families and the relations, the capacities of the man for getting on in the world, and the amiable and housewifely qualities of the woman. It may be a matter of love, and I should say that it is universally held that it ought to be a matter of love, but, all the same, marriage with the middle and upper classes of England is also a matter of business.

Courtships in England are short and engagements are long. No sooner is it understood that a young man and a young woman are in love than it is given out that they are engaged. The American custom of leaving young men and women free to associate together and to keep company with each other for an indefinite length of time without declaring their intentions, is almost unknown in any country of Europe. It is not long after a young man begins to show the daughter attentions before the father gives intimation that he wishes to know what it means, and either the youth declares his intentions or is notified to "cut sticks." Whatever the advantages of the English view of this matter may have it has, at least, one most obvious disadvantage, and that is it leads to engagements upon too short an acquaintance, and it makes of the engagement the courting time rather than as a mere preparation for marriage. When once engaged the young people are thrown together in the freest fashion, and may be left to themselves at all times and in all places almost as though they were man and wife. In the general society of America marriage is deemed the vitally important event in this life, but in English society the engagement is looked upon as the most important, and really is a sort of first stage in matrimony, or the personal uniting of the lives only awaiting the legal ceremony.

Care of a Watch.

[Cor. Popular Science Monthly.]

A good watch should be oiled once a year and cleaned once in three years. If a jeweler tells you that there is some very serious trouble or break in your watch, which will cost several dollars to get repaired, ask him to take the watch "down" and let you see the trouble. It is better to wind one's watch in the morning than in the evening, since if you wind it at night and expose the watch to the cold, the chilling of the tightly-wound mainspring may break it. Frequently empty out the dust that accumulates so quickly in your watch-pocket. It will not injure the watch or clock to turn the hands backward.

His Own Best Friend.

[Jud Lafagan.]

Though it is a sad thing to say, experience teaches me that in this world of ours man is his own best friend. There is no certainty of others coming to the scratch in time of need.

The Longest Unspliced Flagstaff.

[Inter Ocean.]

A flagstaff at Mount Vernon, W. T., 146 feet high, is claimed to be the longest unspliced spar in the United States.

THE BOOK OF HOURS.

[E. R. Still in Atlantic.]

As one who reads a tale writ in a tongue
He only partly knows—runs over it
And follows but the story, losing wit
And charm and half the subtle links among
The haps and harms that the book's folk beset—
So do we with our life. Night comes, and morn:
I know that one has died and one is born;
That this by love and that by hate is met.
But all the grace and glory of it fail
To touch me, and the moanings they enfold.
The Spirit of the World hath told the tale,
And tells it; and 'tis very wise and old.
But o'er the page there is a mist and veil;
I do not know the tongue in which 'tis told.

Before and Behind the Scenes.

[New London Telegram.]

To show more clearly the comicalities and absurdities of stage life, we cite a few incidents which are the results of personal observation, and which, to the unthinking, show the vast difference between the relations of professional people before and behind the scenes.

Before the scenes: Hero—For years I have followed you as the relentless tiger follows his prey, and now you must prepare for the just punishment which your crimes deserve. Thus do I bury my knife again and again in your craven heart—thus do I satiate my direst vengeance.

Villain—With my dying breath I curse you. (Dies).

Behind the scenes: Hero—Say, Curly, lend me a collar button; some fakir has collared mine.

Villain—That's an old guy. But here you are. Don't be ashamed to return it.

Before the scenes: King—Down, slave, and beg my royal pardon.

Slave—Yes, sire; most humbly do I crave, thy clemency.

Behind the scenes: Slave—Here, you royal dummy with the tin fake on, pull off my boots, will you? I can't stoop over this pad.

King—Why, cert, Jimmy.

Before the scenes: Hero—Thus I do endow thee with a royal ransom. Take this package; within it you will find $10,000, and if you need any more you have but to send word to my lawyer.

Behind the scenes: Hero (who is also the manager)—I am very sorry, Lillie, but I can't pay your salary this week. Here is $1; make that go till we strike better business. That's a good girl.

An Italian Wet-Nurse.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

The new outfit—everything complete, from weaning apparel down to mass book and rosary—the comfortable lodging, the abundant food, the kindly and cheery treatment—all these are among the pleasures of a balia's life. On the other hand she is separated from her own people and her home. It is true that she may send and receive letters as often as she pleases. But these letters will only convey good news. Should any evil befall her children or husband she will never know it until the day (always one and sometimes two years distant) when she returns to her village. She is allowed to receive occasional visits from her friends, husband and children, but they are never allowed to remain an instant alone with her, lest some piece of news should be communicated which may upset her tranquillity.

Should any member of the family die, the fact will not only not be mentioned, but the messages the deceased person was in the habit of sending will be repeated in every letter. I well remember, many years ago, the melancholy impression made upon my mind by the sight of a pretty young balia who was seated by her mistress' side and knitting socks for her own baby—the baby who had been in its small grave for nearly a year, but for whom she had been carefully accumulating piles of clothing, and to whom she was hoping to to return within a week. During all the months of absence she had been dwelling on the thought of this baby, her first; but she never learned her loss until she returned home.

Politicians Not Religious.

[Washington Letter.]

Politicians as a class are very irreligious, in the sense that they pay no attention to the forms of religion. They are very timid, however, upon the subject, and cannot be classed as liberals. They are indifferent to the subject. They would be the very last, however, to publicly show this indifference or to do any thing which would give the religious people a chance to say they were infidels.

You can count on the fingers of your two hands the prominent men of either branch of congress who might be classed as remotely religious. The great mass of them never attend church, and would as soon think of going to an astrologer or a fortune-teller as to a clergyman for advice in a difficult or delicate matter. But if a proposition were to come up to-morrow in the house to abolish the post of chaplain there would be a perfect howl of pious indignation from the majority of the members. They class the churches as so many corporations whose influence is not to be lightly lost for any mere question of ideas.

I have heard members speak often of working what is called the "religious racket" in their districts. I heard a veteran politician say the other day: "I have at various times worked the religious racket in my district, but I never permit the clergymen to deliver any public address to me until I have seen it in writing and had an opportunity of revising it. Unless you do this and load the clerical gun yourself it is just as apt to shoot behind as in front."

Stealing Children's Nose Rings.

[Lahore (India) Gazette.]

Jewels on children have at all times been a source of crime. Within the last fortnight at Amritsar two robberies, with violence, have been perpetrated. Both were on school girls. One little girl was going down the street when her nose ring was snatched out of her nose by a thief, who ran off, leaving the child frightened and crying bitterly, for her nose was torn. The other robbery was similar. A little girl left her school to go out to dry what she used instead of a slate. A scoundrel seeing her snatched out her nose ornament and disappeared.

Little Grains of Sand.

[Boston Globe.]

In the office of the Portland (Ore.) Water company is a part of a broken ironstone china plate that had happened to fall directly over a joint in a water pipe when thrown into the trench among the dirt. The water escaping from a small leak under strong pressure set some grains of sand rotating and wore three holes through the piece of plate, and also cut a hole in the brass union, which finally became so large that the water burst up through the street and the leak was discovered.

Paris' Pipes.

In Paris there are 250 miles of water mains, and a city system of pipes that would, if developed, reach from Paris to Bucharest.

LONDON PHYSICIANS.

What the Famous Ones Charge—Fees of the Cheap Practitioners—Starting Out.

[London Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

The usual fee for a consulting physician in London is calculated by the mileage covered in visiting a patient. One guinea per mile is the charge paid, but, of course, when a man of the standing of Clarke, Ferrier, Critchett, or Barnes attends a consultation in the country the fee is enormous, as any of these men would not probably be away from London for twenty-four hours for less than $500. The fee of any ordinary practitioner for visiting a patient at his or her residence may be set down at 5 shillings. The semi-fashionable physcian's fee will be double that amount, while the shining lights of the profession will not visit a patient under 2 guineas, though they will treat one at their office for half that sum. There are hundreds of doctors in London, however, who will pay a visit to the house and prescribe for the patient for half a crown, and there are scores of fully qualified and able medical men in London who will pay three visits to a sick person and provide him with medicine for the absurdly small sum of 50 cents.

By this it will be seen that competition is as keen here amongst members of the medical prosession as it is amongst business men and shopkeepers. The cheap doctors I have spoken of keep dispensaries, chemist shops in fact, and here they attend for several hours daily and see persons three times a week, finding all medicine, for the bagatelle of 25 cents. I am aware that this statement must seem preposterous to American readers, but I can vouch for the truth of it. I firmly believe, too, that many of these doctors are far more successful in the treatment of diseases than their more experienced brethren. These men see disease of every variety and in every stage and in a single day treat as many persons as their high toned brethren attend in the course of a month.

It takes a great deal more capital to enable a medical man to start in practice in this country than it does in America. The juvenile sawbones fresh from the vitiated atmosphere of the dissecting-room has but to purchase a shingle and hire the use, for a few hours daily, of a parlor in New York, Philadelphia or Boston, to become a practicing surgeon and physician. Over here, however, the case is widely different. No young doctor would not think of starting in the profession until he could take and furnish a house throughout, erect a handsome red lamp outside his door and put up a brass plate of Brobdingnagian proportions. Furthermore, he will have little hope of success unless he can from the first support the expense of a brougham, a coachman in livery and a page boy to carry out the medicine to possible patients. In short, there are few young men who would think of starting in practice for themselves until they were in a position to spend at least $2,000 during the first year of their practice.

A Plea for Humorous Literature.

[Bloomington Through Mail.]

Humor is the most popular of all literature, and justly so. It is that element of sunshine which is necessary to mental and moral health. We never find a laughing, jolly fellow committing suicide or murder, nor does the man who is feeling gay and happy, harbor immoral thoughts. No man ever took his own life in a humorous mood. It is brooding and sleeplessness that drives men to suicide, and any reputable physician will endorse our declaration that if a man can laugh heartily for fifteen minutes before retiring, he will enjoy a restful sleep.

When the mind is weighed down by the cares of business, something to relieve it of its burden of thought and lead it into more peaceful and quiet paths, is necessary. At such a moment, a copy of some sprightly paper is worth a ton of physic, for physic cannot purge the brain of burning thoughts, while reading something light and airy and pure, fills the darkened chambers of the mind with sunshine and drives the ghosts of imagination out. No two thoughts can exist in the brain at once. Darkness and light are quantities that do not mix. If gloom fills every recess, when the light comes to occupy its tenement, light alone will remain. If the happy thought once enters, gloom must find another home.

Too Good for a Clerk.

[Chicago News.]

Dry Goods Merchant—So, sir, you think you could learn to become a salesman?

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose you were waiting on that man and his wife over at the lace counter. What would you do first?"

"I should hold up the best piece of lace in the stock and ask the man if he didn't think it becoming to his daughter's style of beauty.

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, nothing. The woman would take care of the rest of it."

"Young man, I don't want you for a clerk. I want you for a partner."

A Curious New Plant.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

To the number of curious plants, such as the carnivorous and fly-catching plant, a new specimen has lately been added which is described as the traveling plant. It is said to be of the lily of the valley species (Convallaria polyganatum), and has a root formed of knots, by which it annually advances about an inch distant from the place where the plant was first rooted. Every year another knot is added, which drags the plant further on, so that in twenty years' time the plant has traveled about twenty inches from the original place.

Demand for Port Wine.

[The Argonaut.]

Port wine has been supposed to be out of fashion, its gouty tendencies have led to its discontinuance at the dinner table. But the Feurtreeds, the great wine merchants at Oporto, have published a statement showing that the number of pipes exported has steadily increased during the last fifty years, the increase being especially marked during the past decade. The explanation is that port, which was formerly the favorite beverage of statesmen, has become the coveted resource of invalids.

France's Suspension Bridges.

[Professor E. C. Marshall.]

I have had occasion lately to read up in French everything that I could find on the subject of bridges. I discover that the French have more suspension bridges than any nation on the globe. Their engineers are putting up suspension bridges everywhere, and at least one of the structures approximates to the size of Brooklyn bridge. So numerous are such bridges in France that it is impossible to secure an accurate list of them on this side of the water.

The latest invention of a New York genius is a steam sleigh, with which, he claims, the north pole can be reached.

IN THE BOWERY.

A PENNILESS MAN IN A CHEAP LODGING-HOUSE.

Something a Little Better Than "Carrying the Banner" — Thirty Lodgers Allowed to Each Floor — A Gray-Bearded Unfortunate.

[New York Mail and Express.]

Suddenly a familiar voice greeted me:

"Hello, Tom! what are you standing there for? You look as if you had struck bad luck. Come and take a drink."

How natural it seems for men to proffer a fellow in distress that which will do him more harm than good. However, I was in no mood for moralizing, and I accepted. In the glow of a neighboring bar my friend inquired how the world was using me, and was surprised to learn that I anticipated carrying the banner for the night. To the uninitiated I will explain that "carrying the banner," among indigent printers and newspaper men generally, signifies being obliged to walk the streets all night.

"Well, you shan't carry the banner tonight if I can prevent it," said my good-natured friend. "Come with me to my hotel in the Bowery and I'll see what I can do."

I had a natural antipathy to the Bowery as a place of residence. I associated it with glaring lights, clattering horse cars, brawling roysterers, and all that is foreign to the conception of home. But I was homeless, and unprepared to make conditions. On we went up to the Bowery, its objectionable features forcing themselves upon me more than ever before. Finally we halted before a four story brick building, over the door of which was a large lamp inscribed with the name of the hotel, and the further information that lodgings were only 20 and 25 cents per night, or $1.20 and $1.50 per week.

On opening the door at the head of the stairs we were confronted by a stern, keen face at the window of an office about 3x3. Its possessor was the sentinel who stood guard over the interests of the house at night, and it must have been an insinuating individual indeed who could pass him without the necessary coin.

I followed my friend into what was called by courtesy the sitting-room. Seating myself in the "jovial ring," I began to look about me. On my right was seated a man of fine physique, clad in garments that spoke of other and better days. His handsome, intellectual face was fringed by a heavy beard sprinkled with gray, while his broad forehead, bright eyes, and well poised head told me that he was the possessor of attributes which, properly directed, would certainly have placed him beyond a Bowery lodging-house. During a general conversation I happened to quote from a poet not widely read.

"Beg pardon," said he of the gray beard, "but you have misquoted that line," and to my amazement he proceeded to recite the entire poem to which the line belonged.

From further acquaintance with this man I learned that he was graduated with honors from Trinity college, Dublin. I also discovered that he had been a scout and guide on the plains; had kept a grocery in San Francisco; had been a railroad surveyor; had charge of an oleomargarine factory in New York; had traveled for several commercial houses, and been engaged in various other enterprises, only to fail in each. Lack of application and directness of purpose had been his faithful Nemisis. Yet he was a capital fellow.

Midnight sounded and the clerk, emerging from his crib, quietly turned off the gas unceremoniously, enveloping the guests in darkness.

"Come, get to bed," he commanded; "skip; it's orders from the boss."

All but two or three moved. Those who remained, I afterwards learned, were banner-carriers who availed themselves nightly of the privilege of passing the first half of the night in congenial company by a good fire.

My "apartment" was next the one occupied by my friend, on the second floor. It was not capacious, and was boarded about six feet high all round, leaving a space between the partition and the ceiling. At the head of the stairs was a notice by the board of health, that only thirty lodgers should be allowed on each floor, and that this order must be obeyed or the license would be revoked.

My bed was a cot just wide enough for a very quiet man to sleep in without rolling out. The mattress was as unyielding as a landlord on rent day, and the coverings were a narrow sheet with an unconquerable penchant for becoming a necktie during the night, and an army blanket that had somehow escaped duty to Uncle Sam. Amid these Oriental surroundings I turned in.

At the first glimpse of daylight over my partition I arose and went down-stairs to find respite for my thoughts, in the Sunday papers. The first to salute me were the three worthies who had carried the banner. They looked none the worst for their outing, and talked jovially of their experiences during the night. One met a friend who lacked just 5 cents of a night's lodging, and together they made merry over 5 cent hot whiskies. Another walked to Central park and attended first mass in a church on Sixth avenue. It had been a "move on" all night, every policeman begrudging him his stolen nap in a friendly doorway.

Toward 8 o'clock the "ragged, jovial ring" began to form about the stove again. They all evinced a lively desire for information and the morning papers were in demand. Reading aloud brought out much lively discussion of popular topics, handled with an intelligence that would have done credit to happier surroundings. These unfortunates, denied the comfort of even a nourishing meal, forgot all their troubles in the mental banquet that a free press had provided for them.

When my friend, who, by the way, is something of a Mark Tapley, appeared, I hoped that the same spirit that had prompted him to obtain me a night's lodging would move him in the way of breakfast. I was not disappointed. A short distance from the hotel we descended a short flight of stairs into a basement, on each side of which were variegated placards announcing several "luxuries of the season." There was "a cup of splendid coffee and a roll, 5 cents;" "Mutton chops, 8 cents;" "2 fried eggs, 5 cents," etc. We sat down to a meal within the limit of his capital. Thus refreshed, and it being Sunday, I spent most of the day in Cooper institute, reading. Late in the afternoon I returned to the lodging-house and found several of the lodgers who had funds industriously engaged in getting themselves and their less fortunate associates drunk. With drunken arguments and ribald songs the afternoon wore into evening.

About 9 o'clock there came a lull. The roysterers had gone out to replenish their inspiration.

WANTED.

[Duncan Macgregor in New York Times.]

Wanted: Men.
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles,
Not even the potent pen;
Wanted: Men.

Wanted: Deeds.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of scent and creeds:
Wanted: Deeds.

Men and deeds,
Men that can dare and do;
Not longings for the new,
Not pratings of the old;
Good life and action bold—
These the occasion needs,
Men and deeds.

The Swallow's Marvelous Speed.

[Cor. Edinburgh Review.]

Among all the migrants the swallow has, perhaps, attracted most attention in all ages and countries. It arrives in Sussex villages with remarkable punctuality; none of the migrants perform their journeys more rapidly than the swallows and their congeners. A swift with young ones, or during migration, covers from 1,500 to 2,000 miles a day. It begins business, feeding its young, about 3 o'clock a. m., and continues it till 9 p. m. At that season, therefore, the swift spends nearly eighteen hours upon the wing, and it has been computed that at the ordinary rate of traveling of this very fast bird it would circumnavigate the globe in about fourteen days. At a push, if it were making forced flights, the swift would probably keep on the wing, with very brief intervals of rest during fourteen days. The speed of the whole tribe is marvelous, and seems the more so when compared with that of the swiftest of animals that depend for their progressive powers on legs, however many legs they may be furnished with.

The hare is swift, yet in Turner's well-known picture of rain, steam, and speed the hare's fate is sealed; she will be run over and crushed by the engine rushing in her wake. The swiftest animals would soon break down at forty miles an hour, which the swallow unconsciously accomplishes, merrily twittering all the while. All the swallow tribe are found in every part of Great Britain including Shetland, except the swift, which is not found in those islands.

The Wines of Ancient Times.

[Cleveland Leader.]

The celebrated ancient wines seem rather to have been syrups or extracts than wines. They were undoubtedly sweet and little fermented, and Chaptal, in his "Elements of Chemistry," declares it to be impossible to suppose that they could have obtained any spirit, or possessed, in consequence, any especially intoxicating properties. The wines so valued by the Greeks and Romans contained much saccharine matter and little alcohol. Aristotle says the wines of Arcadia were so thick, either by boiling or by adulteration, that they dried up in the goat-skins, and the people would scrape the dried material off and dissolve it in water. The thick and fat wines of Chios, Thasos Lesbos, and Crete were probably of this character.

The pitched and pickled wines are doubtless the wines the Romans kept to such extraordinary age. Horace boasts of drinking some seventy years old, and one kind is said to have been kept in Rome more than 100 years. The celebrated Opimian wines, which took the name of the consul who lived when they were first made, are spoken of by Pliny as having been preserved until his time, nearly 200 years, and so excellent were they that money could not buy them.

How Grit Succumbs to Climate.

[Exchange.]

A Florida letter says, that in the struggle which ensued there between the grit of the Yankee settler and the climate the former invariably succumbs, and the state will never be converted into Yankeeland. Man can not shape the weather, but the weather does mold the man. The invincible sunshine and the warm compulsive rains soon have their influence upon the most energetic immigrant. It is not to be expected that a person who can pick his breakfast from an orange tree and gather a dinner of bananas should develop the energy of a person who must plant his crops, and cultivate and dig them before he can enjoy them.

So the northern man who goes to Florida and builds him a house the first month of his stay, and plants his grove the next, gradually finds himself falling into slip-shod ways. His fences get to be disreputable, his house is not fresh painted, his walks are neglected, his garden goes to weeds, and he and his wife and children settle into the easy untidiness which befits the latitude. It is the latitude which governs.

Smoking Again Investigated.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

By a long series of experiments, a Russian physician, Dr. Zulinski, has proven that tobacco smoke is distinct poison, although its action upon men is very slight unless inhaled in considerable quantities. He has found that the poisonous property is not exclusively due to the nicotine, for tobacco smoke contains a second toxical principle called colodine, as well as carbonic oxide and hydrocyanic acid. The effects depend largely upon the nature of the tobacco and the manner of smoking it.

The most poison is derived from the smoking of cigars, less than cigarettes, still less from pipes, and least of all from the use of nargiles or any other apparatus in which the smoke is passed through water. Tobacco which has been artificially lightened in color is, in Dr. Zulanski's opinion, more dangerous than the darker kinds.

A Canal Through the Malay Peninsula.

[London Athenæum.]

Although the latest reports from the French engineers employed on the survey have demonstrated the impracticability of the proposed canal through the Krah isthmus, the French are still very keen on the question of piercing the Malay peninsula. The same engineers who were constrained to report unfavorably on the Krah scheme now declare that they have surveyed a feasible route less than fifty miles south of that originally proposed.

The route now suggested seems to be from Bangri on the west coast to Phanom, near the eastern, but considerable reticence is observed as to the details. M. de Lesseps, has, however, expressed his belief in the feasibility of the scheme.

When the Canadian Pacific is completed from Louisburg to Vancouver, the trip from Japan to London can be made in twenty-four days—a saving of twenty days as compared with the Suez canal route.

This country controls three-quarters of the coal fields of the whole world.

THE STAMFORD BLACKSMITH.

Quiet and steady-going Stamford, in Connecticut, is not a place whose citizens seek excitement or are given to sensations. Instead, therefore, of saying that the case of Mr. Bates has produced what is commonly called a "sensation," let us rather say that it has made a profound impression among the thoughtful Stamford people, and one which will not soon be forgotten.

One of our editors, having heard of it, visited Stamford to learn more about it.

First he called on Messrs. Gillespie Brothers, publishers of the Stamford *Advocate*, an influential paper. From these gentlemen he learned that Frank V. Bates is well known and highly esteemed by the Stamford people, and that he had been so ill with rheumatism that his life had been despaired of. The doctors had done their best for him but without success. Having given up almost all hope of recovery, Mr. Bates happened to see in the *Advocate* an advertisement of Athlophorós. Without saying anything to the doctors about it he sent for a bottle "just to try." The result was, in short, he got well. "Step around the corner to Mr. Bates' shop," said Mr. Gillespie, "and I have no doubt you will see him there. It will interest you to have a talk with him."

Our correspondent went and had a very interesting talk with Mr. Bates, who said substantially:

"I was exposed during the summer and early fall, for I took a lively interest in the campaign. I was taken down with typhoid malarial fever, which was followed by rheumatism and sharp sciatic pains. Oh! how I did suffer! My agony was excruciating. I was in bed with the fever nearly three months. Then I got better and went out too soon, and I suppose that was why the rheumatism and sciatica followed. I had pains all over me. In my back they were very, very bad. One day I was sitting up in bed reading the *Advocate*, and I came across an advertisement of Athlophoros. It didn't offer to cure everything, but said it could cure rheumatism and neuralgia. That was all I wanted. If it could do that, it was just the thing for me. I sent to Mr. Gillespie, who publishes the paper, and I told him I had seen the advertisement and I wanted to know what he knew about it. There are so many humbugs, you know, that offer to cure all sorts of things and can't cure any of them, that I didn't want to get hold of any of them. Mr. Gillespie said he knew nothing about the medicine, but he believed that the people who advertised it were fair and square people. So I thought I would try a bottle and see what would come of it. Yes, I tried it, and was not disappointed, either. Why, in a quarter of an hour after I had taken my first dose the worst of those awful pains had left me. I tell you it was a mighty relief. Of course, I feared they would come back again, for I had never heard of a medicine that could do so much good in so little time. I thought perhaps it would turn round and do me some harm, some way or other. But it didn't, and the pains didn't come back, either. I kept on taking a little more Athlophoros, just to keep the pain out, and I took altogether about two bottles of it. Just think of it, I had taken morphine and chloroform and all that kind of drugs to ease my pain, and they had given me nothing but temporary relief, and not a great deal of that. But here was this new medicine, that took the pain right out. I don't want to say anything against the doctors. I had two of them. They are good men and good friends of mine, and they did their very best to bring me out. But it was the Athlophoros that did the business.

"You see, I am not up to my full weight yet. I am pale and thin, and not as strong as I was before my illness. No wonder! I weighed 160 pounds and I ran down to 100! It is only four weeks since I have been able to be about. But I am gathering strength. I sleep well, eat well, and am attending regularly to my business."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed.
ATHLOPHOROS Co., 112 Wall Street, New York.